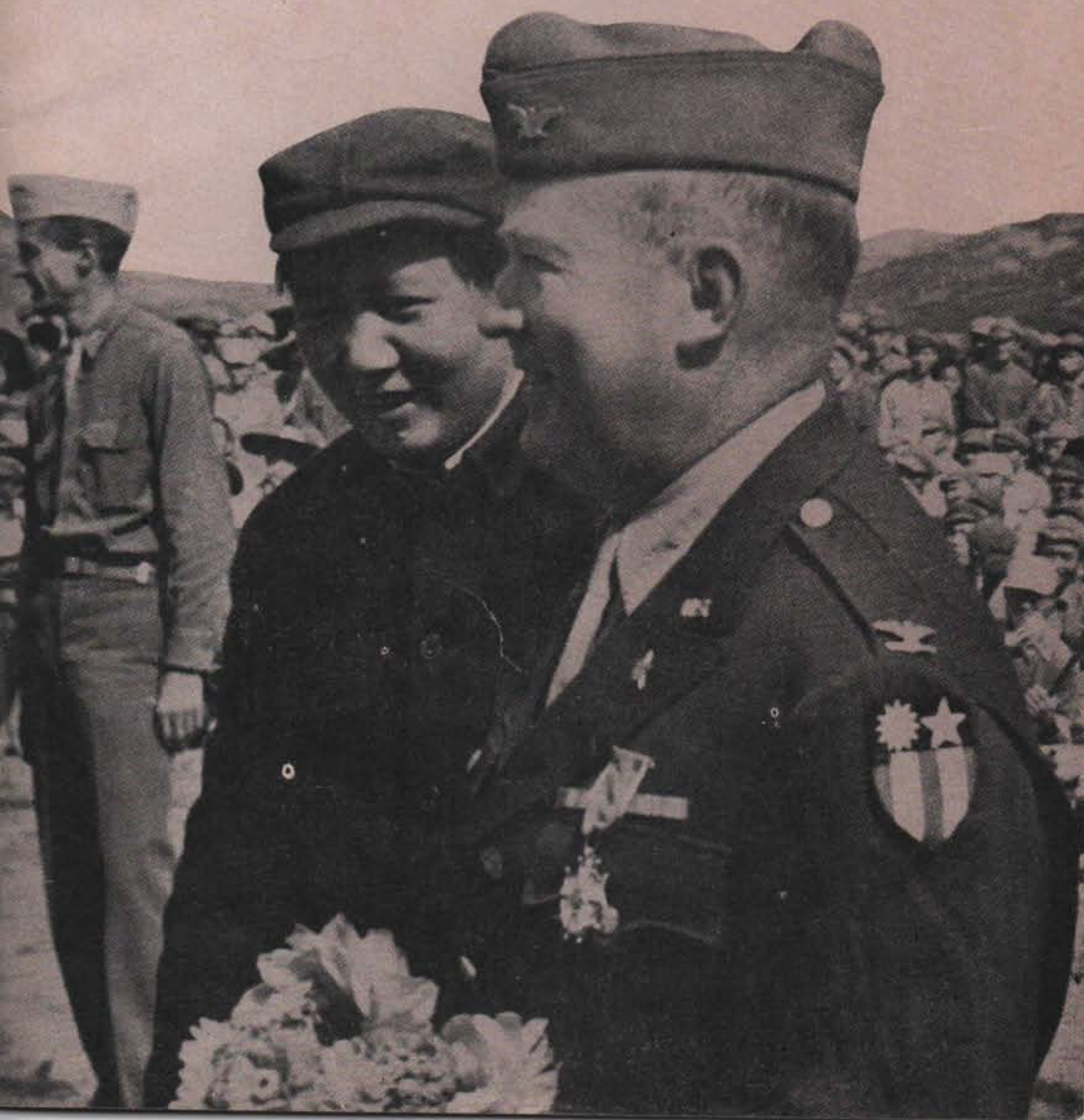


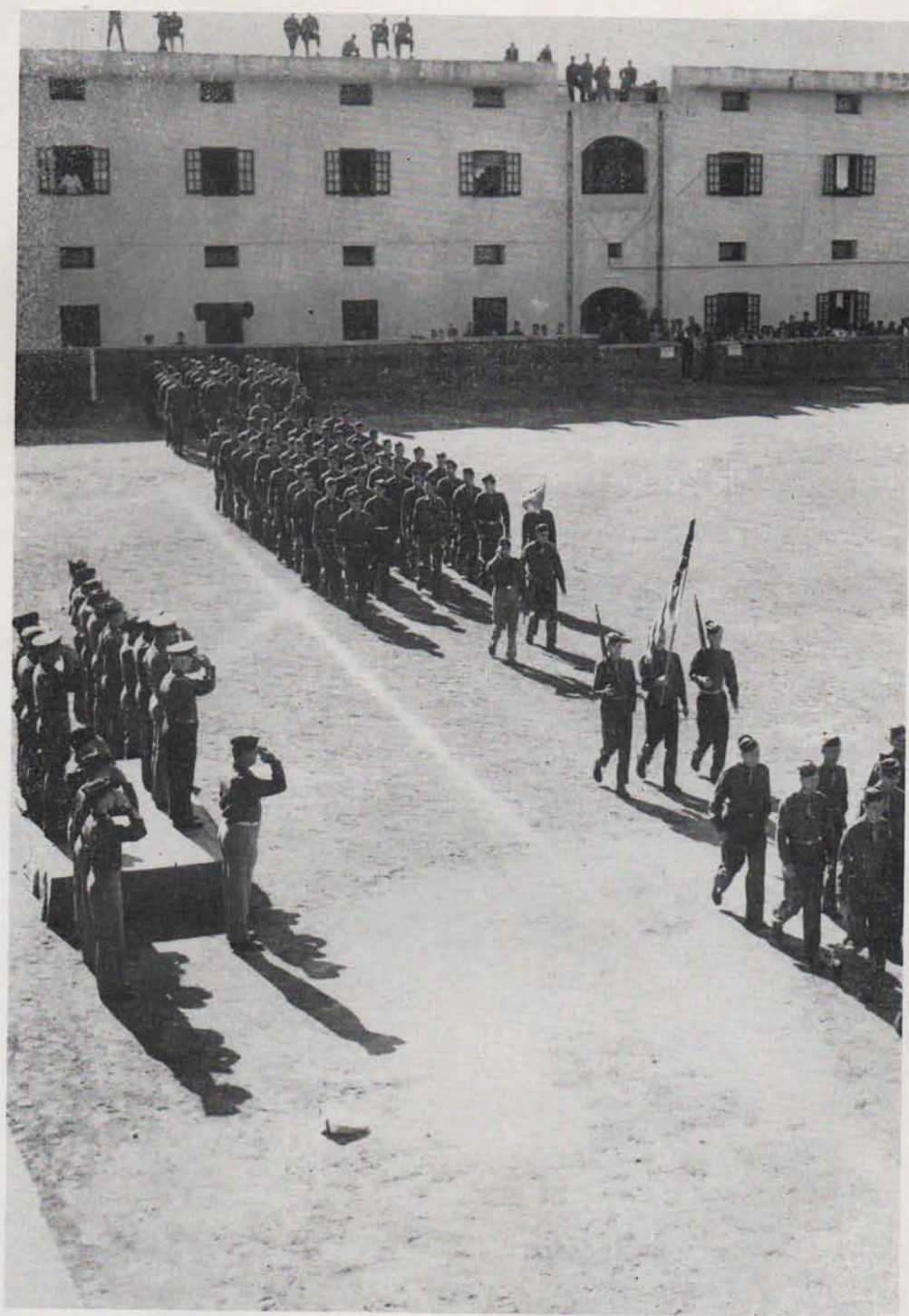


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

FEBRUARY 1971





PERSONNEL of the 835th Signal Battalion and the 3371st Signal Photo Service Company march past reviewing stand in New Delhi, India, during November 1945 ceremony for the awarding of the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque to the two units. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo received from John O. Aalberg.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 26, No. 2

February, 1971

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE	
\$4.00 per Year	Foreign \$5.00 per Year
\$7.50 Two Years	\$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

Telephone (712) 845-4541

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover photo** shows Col. David D. Barrett, who headed the "Dixie Mission" to Yen-an in 1944, holding a bouquet of paper flowers presented to him after award of the Legion of Merit. Next to him is Mao Tse-tung, and John S. Service is at left. In background are members of the Communist Party School who were turned out to witness the presentation. Information about Colonel Barrett's new book on the mission to Yen-an appears elsewhere in this issue.

● **Bald**, with thick bushy eyebrows and a jutting jaw, the late Field Marshal Viscount Slim was a stern soldier but had a good sense of humor. He once told a portrait artist: "You've made me look cross, but I know I do. A photographer following me around in Burma said: 'Will you smile, sir?' I said: 'I am smiling.'"

● **Maharajas** won a victory recently when the Supreme Court of India ruled that Prime Minister Indira Gandhi had acted unconstitutionally in abolishing princely rank, pay and privileges for 278 maharajas and ordered them reinstated. The 8-3 decision after 21 days of testimony restored \$6.4 million a year in privy purses, royal titles, and such other requisites as exemption from many taxes, free medical allowances and duty-free imports. Mrs. Gandhi told Parliament her government will continue the fight to end the institution of royalty "by an appropriate constitutional means."

FEBRUARY, 1971



Better With Age?

● Ex-CBI Roundup seems to get better as time passes, and I am very glad that we are the only theater that had the initiative to publish and support a magazine that would keep us all tied together as a veterans group down through the years. Like Charles Mondhan, I too have often wondered just how many of the original subscribers are still on the mailing list. I wonder, too, what the old Roundup staff is doing these days—fellows like Clarence Gordon, Syd Greenberg, Wendell Ehret and others. Keep up the good work with the magazine, and may it continue to grow not only in readers but in the very important job of keeping us all tied together as CBI veterans through nostalgic memories of our days in CBI 25 years ago.

HOWARD B. GORMAN,
Sacramento, Calif.



FEW of those who served in CBI had the opportunity to ride horses as good as this one, ridden by Walter Pytlowany of 399th Air Engineering Squadron while at rest camp in Raniket, India, in 1945.



STREET CORNER in Calcutta, India, as seen from an office window. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

12,000 Tons

● Please send me a copy of Ed White's "10,000 Tons by Christmas." I was there during the December 1943 when the Air Transport outfit exceeded FDR's promise of 10,000 and made it over 12,000 tons.

L. H. RUPPENTHAL,
Colonel, USAFR (Ret.),
McPherson, Kansas

That Iowa Picnic

● Was glad to see the article in July 1970 issue by Ray Alderson—he announced that the Iowa bash was having a picnic in September at Delhi, Iowa. My wife and I drove out there for the picnic and we really had a nice weekend. Everyone was so friendly and invited us to come back again next year.

CHARLES H. LINDBERG,
Sycamore, Ill.

Air Force Museum

● While passing through Ohio last summer, stopped at the Air Force Museum at Wright Patterson AFB. A new facility is under construction to house the fine exhibits and aircraft. The 96th Fighter Control Squadron Reunion Fund has donated to this very fine un-

dertaking. Perhaps other groups or individuals might give this their consideration. Send to: Air Force Museum Development Fund, Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Fairborn, Ohio.
ROBERT W. MEYER,
Detroit, Mich.

Spent 30 Months

● Spent 30 months in India, 1943 to 1946.

WILLIAM BOWMAN,
Blue Island, Ill.



BULLOCK cart with two large wheels is still one of the popular methods of transportation in India. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

885th Ordinance

● A reunion of the 885th Ord. H.A.M. Company (Fort Bliss, Texas, and CBI) is being held in August, 1971. Lots of fun is expected. Those interested are invited to write Reunion Committee, 700 West Belmont Lane, St. Paul, Minn. 55113.

FRANK J. SIGMUNDIK,
St. Paul, Minn.

Clarence Lindquist

● My husband, Clarence Lindquist, died November 28, 1970, from cancer. He was 53 years old. He served in the CBI theater for two years during World War II, and always enjoyed your magazine.

MRS. C. LINDQUIST,
Lindsborg, Kansas

Getting Better

● Keep up the good work and keep Roundup coming. It seems that the magazine gets better with every issue.

JOHN L. STONE,
Monroeville, Pa.

Interest Continues

● Still enjoy every magazine that arrives, after all these years!

LARRY BLANKENBURG,
Saddle Brook, N.J.

Field Marshal Slim

● Field Marshal Viscount Slim, 79, commander of British forces in Burma during World War II, died recently in London after suffering a stroke. Lord Slim's Burma forces were called the "silent army" because of their jungle tactics. Among Britons they were known, too, as the "forgotten army," fighting a distant war under tough conditions that hardly ever came to notice in England. Born William Joseph Slim, he rose from office clerk to outstanding wartime general, distinguished statesman and business man. Joining the Royal Warwickshire Regiment at the outbreak of World War I, he soon received a commission. Later he spent 20 years in the Indian Army. As a brigade commander with the 5th Indian Division early in World War II, he fought in Sudan, Eritrea, Iraq and Syria before taking command of the 1st Burma Corps and later the British 14th Army. He was a pioneer in jungle warfare and proved to be one of Japan's most skillful adversaries. He used paratroops with great imagination. Known as "Uncle Bill" to those who served with him, Slim developed techniques of monsoon fighting and used air drops to transport and supply whole divisions before leading his 14th Army troops to victory against the Japanese at Kohima and Imphal, India. Transferring an entire corps from the north to his right flank, Slim surprised the Japs at Meiktila while other troops fought across the Irrawaddy River upstream, then charged on to capture Rangoon, Burma. Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill commented on the field marshal's "masterly command" during the 1944-45 campaign and Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten, who was Supreme Allied Commander

of Southeast Asia, said "Slim was the finest general World War II produced." After the war he was head of the Imperial General Staff, Britain's top military post, from 1948 to 1952, and was governor general of Australia from 1952 to 1960.

(From various clippings sent in by a number of Ex-CBI Roundup readers.)

Jain Temple

● Isn't the top picture page 2, December 1970 issue, the entrance to the Jain Temple in Calcutta rather than the entrance to the Marble Palace?

EDWARD J. NORRIS,
North Windham, Me.

You are absolutely correct . . . We goofed in our identification.—Ed.

1st Air Commando

● After all these years, the 1st Air Commando Group now has a newsletter. Former Commandos not on our mailing list are invited to write 1st Air Commandos, 28 E. Van Buren, Joliet, Ill. 60431.

W. S. MITS DARFFER,
Joliet, Ill.

Back to Pakistan

● After World War II, I entered the seminary when I came back from CBI and have fulfilled my desire to return as a missionary. Went back to Pakistan after ordination in 1957, and have worked there since that time.

FR. JOSEPH LEHANE,
C.S.C.,

Dt. Sylhet, E. Pakistan



BEHIND Japanese lines at Tingreng Ga in northern Burma, three members of Merrill's Marauders pause for a photo. From left to right are Eddie Matsukado, American-born (Hawaii) Japanese who was given a battlefield commission after the fall of Myitkyina; W. Harland Hendricks, Sr., a first lieutenant in the Red Combat Team; and Pfc. L. Lum, American-born Chinese who served as a liaison between the Chinese Army and the Marauders. In background is a first sergeant in the Chinese Army, a man called "Frank" by the Marauders, who was killed a few days after picture was taken.

Dixie Mission to Yen-an

A little-known and somewhat controversial chapter in CBI history is outlined in a new book by Col. David D. Barrett, U.S. Army (ret.), which has been published by the Center for Chinese Studies, University of California, Berkeley.

No. 6 in a series of China Research Monographs, the paperback volume is published under the title of "Dixie Mission: The United States Army Observer Group in Yen-an, 1944." It contains 92 pages plus 16 pages of photographs, and sells for \$4.

This is the story of the 1944 mission to Yen-an, commanded by Colonel Barrett, to establish liaison with the Chinese Communists. Of the 18 members of that mission, several are Ex-CBI Roundup subscribers.

Roundup is reprinting in this issue the Foreword of the book by John K. Fairbank, director of the East Asian Research Center at Harvard University; the Preface by Colonel Barrett, who explains why the book was written; and an article from the San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle, by Larry Dum, telling about Red "charges" made against Barrett.

Readers will recall that there has been considerable difference of opinion, over the years, about U.S. policy toward the Chinese Reds. There have been charges and countercharges, accusations and denials.

After more than a quarter of a century, Roundup believes readers may be interested in Colonel Barrett's memoir of events in Yen-an. The photographs themselves, several of which are reprinted here, are unique.

Copies of the book may be ordered from Center for Chinese Studies, 2168 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. Checks should be made payable to The Regents of the University of California.

Foreword

By JOHN K. FAIRBANK
Harvard University

The commander of the Dixie Mission at Yen-an spent more than a year on the front line of history. Superbly trained as a military attache, Colonel Barrett reported during late 1944 and early 1945 on the Chinese Communist war-making capability against Japan in preparation for the final Sino-American defeat of Japan in China, a denouement that never came to pass.

Though not assigned to take part in the intricate negotiations then under way between Mao and Chiang, he eventually became involved in them and did what he could to persuade Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai that a political settlement between the two contending party dictatorships would be the best thing for China. This also was by-passed by history, and Colonel Barrett wound up like everyone else in the Dixie Mission, a casualty of the cold war—in his case deprived of the general's star that his service merited.

The Dixie Mission was one that "failed" in conventional terms, for it didn't lead anywhere. For the moment at least it lies in the "dustbin of history" to which Chairman Mao has assigned so much of the record of Sino-American relations.

For this historian, however, who is always conscious of the turning of the wheel of events (Japan was once our enemy, China our friend), the Mission remains the high point of official contact between the United States and the Chinese Communist leadership.

It not only provided the military view of the Yen-an regime that Colonel Barrett and his staff reported on, it also coincided with the admission to Yen-an of a group of American journalists who got across the Kuomintang blockade to report on that other China, in the arid sun-drenched northwest, where bureaucracy and its evils were as yet only embryonic and a new Chinese polity, close to the soil and its people, was taking shape. The resulting half dozen journalists' accounts of Yen-an communism disclosed to the American public another dimension of the Chinese revolutionary scene.

Having spent 1944 and much of 1945 in the Washington headquarters of the Office of War Information, I can vividly recall the fascination with which we greeted still another by-product of the Observer Mission, the reports on the Chinese Communist success in psychological warfare against the Japanese that were sent back from Yen-an by the O.W.I. observer there, Francis McCracken Fisher. Japanese troops had almost never surrendered to the Ameri-

can forces. Despite the leaflets so assiduously dropped on them by the O.W.I., using some of the best talent of Madison Avenue, the Japanese captured alive had usually been unconscious at the time. Yet at Yen-an Mac Fisher found more than two hundred and fifty Japanese who had come over to the Yen-an forces, without benefit of two-color leaflets or photo-offset illustrations. He sent back food for thought.

More important in the work of the Dixie Mission was the diplomatic contact with the Communist high command. This was carried on largely by a Foreign Service Officer on General Stilwell's staff, John Stewart Service. As the forthcoming memoirs of his colleague John Davies will indicate, this exploratory contact finally eventuated in a long interview with Mao, in which Mao suggested to Service a basis on which an American relationship with the Chinese Communist Party might be able to develop. This came to nothing and Service's brilliant reporting from Yen-an was later exploited by McCarthyite patrioters intent on denouncing the American "loss" of China. This aspect of the Dixie Mission has not yet been evaluated in historical context as a creative search or an alternative to the Sino-American animosity that has supervened and blanketed out the preceding era of Sino-American friendship and collaboration.

Colonel Barrett thus presided over a pregnant phase of Sino-American relations, a time of hope and optimism when Maoism was new and possibilities were not yet foreclosed. No better man could have been found for the task. When Dave Barrett and his observer team flew into Yen-an in July, 1944, he was 52 years old and had already spent twenty-seven years in the United States Army, nearly all of them in China.

He was born in a Colorado mining town, Central City, in 1892, went to school in Boulder, graduated from the University of Colorado in 1915, and taught high school for two years before entering the U.S. Army in 1917. While serving in the Philippines in 1921, he applied for Chinese language training in the program for army officers conducted under the legation in Peking. After completing the basic four year course and serving as assistant mili-

tary attache at Peking, he spent three years, 1931-34, with the Fifteenth U.S. Infantry at Tientsin—where George C. Marshall and Joseph W. Stilwell had also served. Barrett's spoken Chinese was already exceptionally good, and he acted most of this time as regimental intelligence officer, maintaining a lively contact with Chinese officials. From 1936 to 1942, he was again assistant military attache in Peking, during a time of particular stress and strain under the Japanese occupation (which is another story quite full of its own melodrama).

Dave Barrett had learned his Chinese in Peking, in the pure crystalline form that gave the speaker a bit of prestige everywhere else in China. Speaking Pekinese indeed could diminish a foreigner's foreignness, and Dave Barrett spoke it with an obvious love of every tone and phrase. He also had those American Army qualities that created common ties with the Chinese people: he was, to be sure, a blue-eyed, red-cheeked white man, as exotically colored as one might expect a foreigner to be, but with the upstanding of self-respect and respect for others that made him obviously civilized in his own way. Like all the military (at least in the old days), he loved outdoor movement, going over the terrain, dealing with problems of transport, living off the country like the countless generations of Chinese travelers who have gulped noodles at roadside shops and spread their bedding rolls in local inns. Most of all he loved contact with the Chinese people, in the way that so many Western travelers, missionaries, merchants and scholars have enjoyed it through the ages—not necessarily because of the foreigner's superior status (it was not always assured) but because of the pervasive charm and excitement of Chinese life on the personal plane. (This tie between China and the West has been the greatest loss due to the cold war.)

Barrett's predecessor as military attache, Joseph W. Stilwell, had an abiding admiration and affection for the Chinese common soldier and a commensurate suspicion if not contempt for his commanders. Barrett had less vinegar in his system and was more gregarious and out-going. His memoir shows him speaking in the same au-



STRIDING toward camera are Chu Teh, Colonel Barrett and Mao Tse-tung. John S. Service of the U.S. Embassy, attached to the staff of the Commanding General, CBI, may be seen over Chu's left shoulder. Officer with hands behind his head, at extreme left, is Col. Morris B. Depass, who succeeded Colonel Barrett in command of the Dixie Mission after the latter was relieved in November 1944.



POSING for picture are, left to right, Gen. Lin Piao, commanding Communist 115th Division; Chou En-lai; Gen. Chu Teh, commanding 18th Group Army; Brig. Gen. Malcolm Lindsey of U.S. Army (visiting Yenan); John Emmerson, political adviser, Hq. CBI; Mao Tse-tung; and Gen. Yeh Chien-ying, chief of staff, Communist forces.



FRIENDS arrive from Chunking to pin the Legion of Merit on Colonel Barrett. From left to right are Col. Edward J. McNally, later a brigadier general and now deceased; Col. George E. Armstrong, Medical Corps, who later became Surgeon General of the U.S. Army; Lt. Herbert Hitch, U.S. Navy; Raymond P. Ludden of the U.S. Embassy, attached to the staff of the Commanding General, CBI; Mao Tse-tung; Chu Teh; and Lt. Henry C. Whittlesey, only member of the Mission to die in Yenan.



COLONEL BARRETT warns Mao Tse-tung not to be too impressed by the Legion of Merit. From left to right, Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times; Mao Tse-tung; Chu Teh; Barrett; Hitch; Capt. Robert Champion, pilot; and Ludden.

FEBRUARY, 1971

thentic American style as Mark Twain and other exemplars down to and not excluding the late W. C. Fields. One high point of Sino-American literature surely will be his account in this memoir of Patrick J. Hurley's arrival at Yen-an.

One fascination of this memoir is to see how one can be a true China hand and yet remain in some ways quite culture bound. Barrett is reporting on the Chinese Communist forces, what makes them tick, but he sees them in the American military categories which exclude politics. He finds their military training school really doing next to nothing militarily; the trainees seem to spend their time merely reading the *Chiehfang jih-pao* (Liberation Daily). Out of this reading, of course, came the revolution—an army so ideologically indoctrinated that it could retain popular support and operate decentralized but under discipline. On manoeuvres Barrett finds the Communists rely on the populace to get accurate intelligence on the enemy and so fail to do that energetic scouting and patrolling that has been part and parcel of the American army tradition ever since the French and Indian War. After all, Americans, as in Vietnam, fight for terrain or to search and destroy, not to get the support of the local inhabitants. In the proper American fashion, Barrett also takes a dim view of political commissars and political work in the army. Politics is part of peace, and under the American division of powers these things are left to civilian arrangement. (The American military do not set policy, they carry out assigned operations; is it their fault if operations create policy?)

The reader will also find Colonel Barrett as a devotedly loyal officer still smarting under the cold war accusation that he was soft on communism, since "communism" subsequently became the American national enemy. In retrospect, however, we see now that he was dealing with that particular offshoot of Marxism-Leninism known as Maoism, and at a formative time when "Japanese imperialism" was just in the process of being superseded by "American imperialism" as its essential foreign enemy. But enemies in this bellicose human

world constantly change. Future researchers on Sino-American friendship will be particularly indebted to this memoir and to its author as one of the best practitioners of the art.

The latest phase of Colonel Barrett's career has been properly academic and in his home state: in 1960-62 he served as Visiting Professor in Chinese at the University of Colorado and became the first head of the new Department of Slavic and Oriental Languages there. And so he wound up bringing a bit of China back to Colorado.

Preface

By DAVID D. BARRETT

If there is any merit in this footnote to history, it may in part be due to the fact I can answer in the affirmative the question: "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" Even if I was, however, there is little point in writing about it unless what I did and saw there is of some interest today.

I am assuming, accordingly, that there are people who would like to read about my experiences with the Dixie Mission, particularly since the Chinese Communists, whom a good many people regarded as "good guys" at the time, are now outdoing themselves to make it clear to all and sundry they want to be considered the bitterest enemies of the United States in the world today. Even if they hate us as much as they say they do—and I for one can see no valid reason for thinking they do not—it may be of interest to learn what they were like twenty-five years ago, at least as they appeared to one American who had the opportunity to know them well, spoke their language, and felt no compulsion to appear ga-ga because he thought they were so good, or to fulminate because he felt they were so evil.

There are not too many people around today who had the same opportunity—and incidentally the same background of experience in China—to know the Chinese Communists and their leaders as I did. I think it may be important for me to set down my recollections of them while there is yet time and the memory of my service in Yen-an is still fresh in my

mind. Fortunately I kept a diary which has been useful in holding in check any tendency to "remember with advantage" what I did there.

I have one record of my service in Yen'an which speaks for itself: the excellent pictures which Communist photographers made of people and events associated with the Dixie Mission. Memories can be wrong, and diaries may omit important points, but in general the camera tells the truth.

It is with some trepidation that I write about China at all, since that country has become such a controversial topic—so controversial indeed that few can think, talk, or write about it objectively. As far as the talking is concerned, a columnist wrote in a San Francisco newspaper a year or so ago that he had never met anyone who could do it without foaming at the mouth, one way or another. A friend who works for the Government in Washington has told me that smart people in sensitive positions there just don't talk about China at all.

Not only is China in general a touchy subject, but to say anything nice about the Chinese Communists, even as they were 25 years ago, is to risk offending some people. No matter how hard they may try, it is difficult for everyone to keep in mind that the world situation is much different now from what it was then.

All I can do is to ask any readers there may be of this little monograph to try to believe me when I say I have never had but one loyalty, the United States of America.

Wanted by China for 'Plot' to Kill Mao

By LARRY DUM
San Francisco Sunday
Examiner & Chronicle

At 78, the soft-spoken retired Army colonel looks like anything but a top-echelon assassin for this or any other country's government.

Yet today Col. David D. Barrett of San Francisco is still wanted under a Red Chinese fugitive death warrant.

He is charged with masterminding

what the Chinese People's Republic claims was a daring U.S. plot to assassinate Mao Tse-tung less than six months after the Communist takeover of mainland China more than 20 years ago.

Barrett is the author of a newly published book describing his cordial and frequent social and military contacts with Mao and other present top Chinese leaders during the later stages of World War II.

He maintained in an interview last week that the assassination episode was the fictional product of Red Chinese propagandists at the outset of their continuing "hate America" campaign.

"I was never a party to any assassination plot—either on my own or under orders from superiors," Col. Barrett said.

The 1950 incident ended in the executions of two of his acquaintances and the imprisonment of five other foreigners in China.

In the 96-page monograph published at the University of California at Berkeley, Barrett discusses his erroneous World War II impressions of the Chinese revolutionary leaders who then sometimes were fighting with the Allies against Japan.

"Communism as a political doctrine was just as much anathema to me then as it is now," Barrett said.

"But I was naive to the extent that I thought of the Chinese members of the party as Chinese first and Communists afterwards. I later realized I was woefully wrong."

A man who once officially recommended that the U.S. military provide small arms and light artillery to Mao during the war with Japan, Barrett describes the China he once knew well as "a nation gone mad."

At his Lake Merced apartment, he recalled that Mao impressed him during their frequent meetings as a "very tough" but sincere and honest man.

"He didn't strike me as an operator," Barrett said. "When he talked, I think he did not talk for effect but to tell the truth."

Barrett was a Chinese language expert, former U.S. military attache and, for a time, a U.S. intelligence officer inside China.

He said he had already left the mainland when Radio Peking charged that

he had hired and given orders to five Europeans and two Orientals plotting a mortar assault on a platform where Mao and other Red leaders were to appear.

At a news conference Barrett held then at the suggestion of military superiors, he said:

"The Communists must rate me very

low as a mastermind if they think I would try to assassinate anyone with a trench mortar.

"At every important occasion, the general public—especially foreigners—were kept so far away it would have been difficult to kill Mao with a 155 millimeter gun." □

Birth Curb Desire Grows in Pakistan

By ARNOLD ZEITLIN

The Associated Press

The man came from Kulna, 20 hours by creek boat from this capital of East Pakistan. He was 50 years old and he had a problem. He was a college graduate, earning \$83 a month as a tax collector, and he felt six children were enough.

He wanted a vasectomy, an operation that would prevent him from ever again fathering a child.

"No problem," said Dr. Idris Lashkar, a Dacca Medical Hospital urologist who spends an hour a day performing vasectomies at a public health center here. An experienced surgeon can complete the operation in 10 minutes, with his patient able to walk away.

The collector did not want his young wife to know about it, and that was a complication. Government regulations say no man can undergo the operation without his wife's assent.

Dr. Lashkar sent the man away, but learned later that a less scrupulous colleague performed it. Presumably, the wife does not know to this day.

The man's problem was rare. An unexpected development of the massive birth control program for more than 120 million people in this Moslem land is the increasing popularity of vasectomy. The operation involves cutting the ducts carrying sperm; it is designed to prevent conception but not hinder sexual performance.

Pakistan's \$60-million birth control program started in 1965. Fewer than 1,200 men volunteered for vasectomies the last six months of that year. Each volunteer receives 20 rupees, or \$4.20. The doctor gets 15 rupees.

Now, government figures show, more than 50,000 men, mostly in overcrowded East Pakistan, submit monthly. Some officials believe the figures are exaggerated by field workers trying to meet goals, but they still are far greater than early estimates.

"Our men were ready for it," says Dr. Lashkar.

East Pakistan, the size of Florida, has about 72 million people. It is one of the world's most densely-populated areas.

Muhktar Dir, district planning officer for Dacca, believes a nearly desperate desire to stop having children has overcome the doubts of conservative and often illiterate Moslem men to whom fatherhood was a vital function.

He also credits the rise in vasectomies to a growing suspicion of another birth control device—the IUD, or intrauterine loop. At least 2½ million have been inserted in Pakistani women since 1965. Officials said almost one-fourth have complications, some quite minor, after insertion. Some surveys indicate as many as 60 per cent have removed the loop after two years.

Women's suspicion of loops, as well as a shortage of women doctors to insert them, has put the pressure on the men to do something.

Dr. Lashkar's typical client may be a textile worker, nearing 40 years of age. He and his wife have two sons, three daughters and a monthly income of 150 rupees, or \$31.50. Incidentally, no man who lacks a son is permitted to undergo the operation. Sons are important in the scheme of things in this part of the world. □

BOOK REVIEWS



MANDALA. By Pearl S. Buck. John Day Company, Inc., New York, N.Y. October 1970. \$7.95.

This latest novel by a well-known author is set in India in 1962, in the palace of Jagat, the former Maharaja of Armarpur. Political events have stripped him of his titles and most of his wealth, but not of his sense of responsibility to the local villagers. Currently, he is attempting to transform another family palace into a hotel for the American tourist trade in a move to replace the family's hereditary income. Then the happy family life of the clan is shattered when the Chinese threaten India's borders; after the son and family pride, Jai, enlists to fight for Indian territory and meets a violent death. A journey to find his son involves Jagat with a beautiful and mysterious American woman.

THE EMERGING JAPANESE SUPER-STATE: Challenge and Response. By Herman Kahn. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.Y. November 1970. \$7.95.

A widely respected expert on Japan, considered one of the foremost authorities on that country, tells in this book about the astonishing success of post-war Japan and why he believes that "the 21st century will be the Japanese century." He examines the political structure behind the industrial power of Japan, the education that forges Japanese social leadership, the military power, and the roots of Japanese economic power. Within the next several years, he predicts, Japan will achieve "super" status among the world's great powers. In fact, he says, having already reached its goal of "catching up with the West," Japan is well on the way to its current goal of "surpassing the West."

IMPERIAL TRAGEDY. By Thomas M. Coffey. World Publishing, New York, N.Y. December 1970. \$12.50.

The publication date of this new book—December 7—is especially significant, because the book opens with events connected with the beginning

of the war with Japan. This is the Japanese story of the war, told within the framework of the first days and the last. It tells of the overwhelming Japanese victories of the beginning, and goes through those terrible hours in August, 1945, as the Japanese lived them. The author uses the words, thoughts, feelings, actions of the Japanese, from the Emperor and prime minister down to lowliest shopkeeper, in the elation of early victory, then in the depression of imminent defeat. The book is both an important historical contribution and a moving revelation of the nature of our adversaries who fought with such fanatic zeal in World War II.

THE SOUNDS OF RESCUE, THE SOUNDS OF HOPE. By Robert Flynn. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, N.Y. September 1970. \$5.95.

A novel set on a tiny isolated island in the Pacific during World War II. Lt. Gregory Wallace has just been shot down while attacking a Japanese carrier, and pulled from the surf by a naked man of indeterminate race. The novel is in the form of Wallace's journal, kept day by day, while he awaits a rescue that never comes. It starts with nostalgic reminiscences of his home town, his family, his girl friends; then his self-examination deepens and later he no longer feels worthy of rescue.

TYPICAL CHINESE COOKING. By Chen Jian Min. Japan Publications, Inc., San Francisco, Calif. November 1970. \$8.95.

The author, one of the most famous Chinese chefs in Japan, has selected and explained many of the popular dishes from his vast cuisine. Many of his preparation and seasoning techniques have never been made public.

THE JAPANESE CHALLENGE. By Robert Guillain. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa. October 1970. \$8.50.

A look at modern Japan by an "old Tokyo hand." In 1968, Japan as a "modern" country was 11 years old, and then the world suddenly became aware that she ranked third among the world's economic powers. The author tells how the country has arisen almost literally from the ashes of defeat in World War II, thanks to the tireless drive, tenacity and talents of her people and leaders.

The Ganges Delta Disaster

By the Embassy of Pakistan
Washington, D.C.

The emphasis in Pakistan's eastern province today is on reconstruction in the wake of perhaps the worst natural disaster in the Twentieth Century. The latest official estimates of deaths caused by the November 12 cyclone exceeds 200,000 and some estimates are more than a half-million. The population in the heavily damaged 1.7 thousand square miles of coastal islands and embankments was nearly two million.

Relief assistance has poured into Pakistan from around the world. Earlier this month the World Bank offered a plan to reconstruct the devastated areas. The issue deals exclusively with the plan.

But, first, some background.

Eight cyclones have struck East Pakistan in the past decade and have accounted for crop and property losses of at least \$760 million and losses of human life of a minimum of 50,000 people before the November 12 catastrophe.

Approximately 7,000 square miles of the coastal area with a population of 6 million are considered to be cyclone prone. This covers most of the districts of Noakhali, Khulna, Barisal and Chittagong and scattered offshore islands which are topographically almost at sea level and which are naturally subject to severe saline intrusion. Fishing and agriculture are the sole economic activities. Of the 2,250 miles of labor intensively constructed coastal embankments intended to protect against saline intrusion, tidal intrusions, and some wind and wave action, some 1,915 miles had been completed when the cyclone struck.

The crop damage is, as a result of the November 12 nightmare, estimated at 12.6 million maunds (463 thousands tons) or roughly \$63 million (Rs. 315 million). Roughly 90 per cent of all housing in a one million area and 50 per cent in another million area were lost and livestock destruction has been enormous. For comparison, it is important to note that in

the 1969 hurricane Camille in the U.S., with crop and property damage of approximately \$4 billion, only 184 people lost their lives.

High on the agenda of the World Bank reconstruction plan is a survey to assess the amount of damage emphasizing four broad categories:—

Coastal embankments, transportation, drainage and salinization of lands; Losses of standing crops, and food and feed stocks;

Losses of and damage to housing and water supply;

Condition of public health and sanitation services.

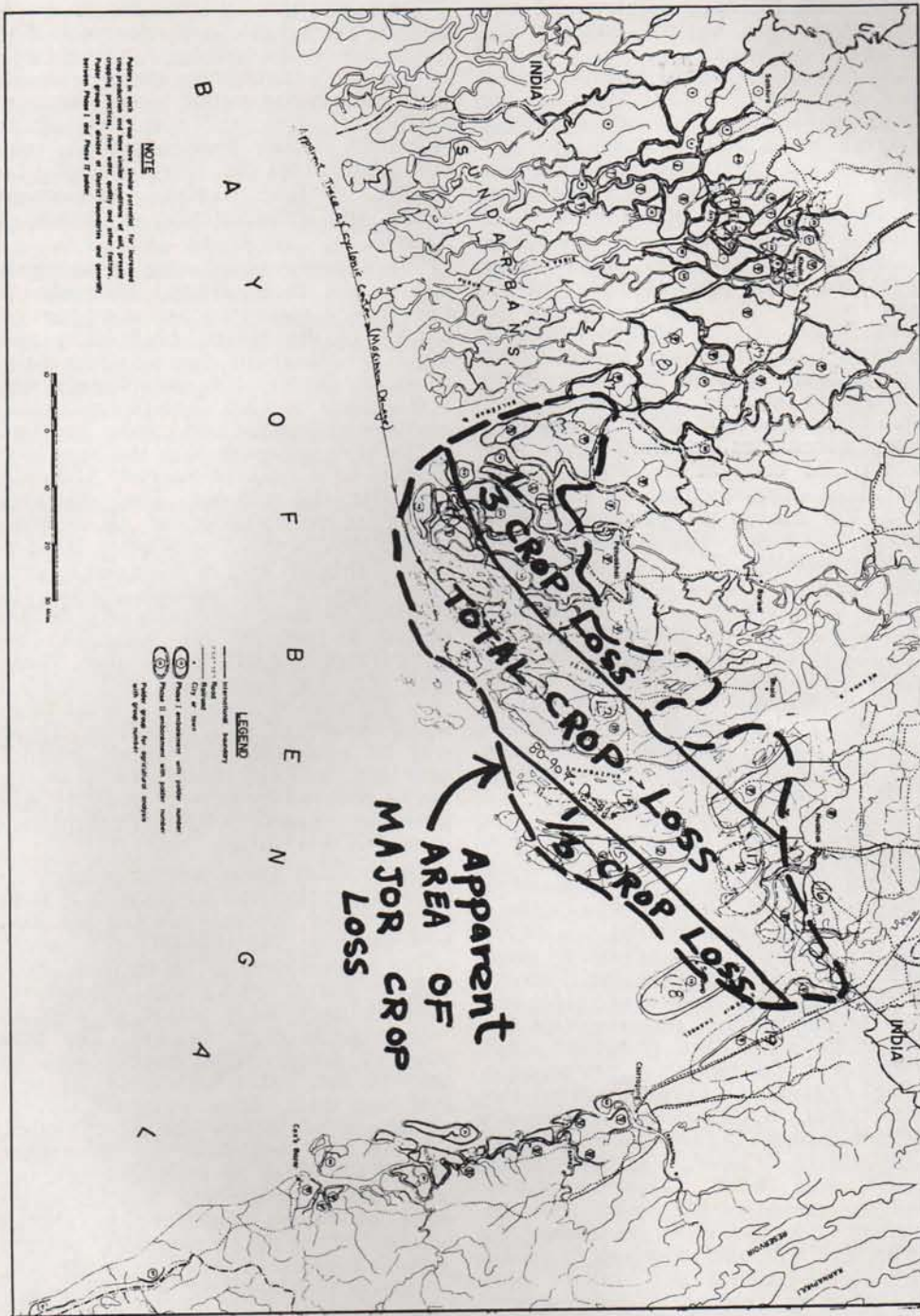
The survey will cover such a large area that it will be conducted from four centers, each covering about 1,000 square miles, approximately located as follows: Galachipa area of Bakerganj; Noakhali; Bhola; and Hatia—Sandwip.

The plan also calls for sending out a team of three specialists to each region. They will have knowledge of engineering, agriculture and building, respectively, though non-specialists will be able to cover damage to buildings. An aerial survey already under way with photographs for the entire cyclone affected area is being completed on a scale of 1 to 50,000. Partial photography at a scale of 1 to 10,000 is also being carried out and should be useful for detailed study of cyclone effects.

At this point in time there is still considerable physical and social distress in the area. This is quite understandable, but a program must be evolved to rebuild a viable economy and society.

Given the practical elimination of all capital formation, the focal point of any reconstruction program must be a sound cooperative system. In this way, the relief and reconstruction material can flow through locally-controlled channels and the discipline created by the natural checks and balances of village life can be instilled into the rural population.

In this situation, the prime requirement for reconstruction is the creation of the most primary needs—namely,



THIS MAP, prepared by the World Bank's staff, pinpoints the damage which hit the Coastal Embankment Project area. The cyclone also wrought extensive damage to the outlying areas of the Sunderbans and further inland.

FEBRUARY, 1971

water, food, housing, employment and basic protection against salinity and recurrent cyclones.

The assets of large coastal areas have been swept away. Most of the houses, livestock, even roads are gone. In large areas the fruitfulness of the soil itself has been poisoned with salt. Many of the survivors emerged from the flood with only their lives to be thankful for, and face new hardships. Their work on the farm is gone, also as is their traditional source of earnings.

The object of the reconstruction is to employ the survivors in rebuilding the economy and to translate those efforts into income with which they can obtain food and other necessities. These necessities, notably food, will have to be brought in from outside until the infrastructure is restored, since the means of production now remaining cannot support even the reduced population. The program of creating employment is linked to one of supply from outside from all donors and agencies of the American PL 480-type foodstuffs, and of other basic commodities, as well as the materials to be used in the investment program. Only with restoration of the local economy will normal patterns of exchange with other areas reemerge and import needs be reduced.

The program of reconstruction outlined by the Bank is designed to open sufficient employment income-earning opportunities to sustain the remaining population. Work on the embankments should provide employment for 40,000 man-years while the program of rural works designed to replace the destroyed infrastructure will also give immediate employment opportunities for over 21,000 man-years. If indeed some 55,000 acres of winter crops are brought under cultivation as planned by the Department of Agriculture, then an additional 20,000 man-years of employment will be created. For these three sectors over 80,000 man-years of immediate employment would thus be created. Secondary employment opportunities will also open up in transport, brick-making and other local enterprise as well as in construction. Further, if the materials are made available, considerable family labor will be usefully put to rebuilding the houses destroyed by the cyclone.

The priorities of the World Bank program are basic and clear-cut. The needs are overwhelming for fresh water, housing, community shelters, coastal embankments, public health, internal roads, irrigation, fisheries, agriculture (general), ocean communication, telecommunications and storm warning facilities, cyclone damage assessment panel and rehabilitation of damaged forests.

Fresh water supply for drinking is one of the most crucial elements of the Bank's reconstruction program. A survey of the water availability and state of repair of the existing wells must be carried out immediately and a minimum of 3,300 hand-pumped shallow tubewells must and can be installed by local contractors over the next four months at a cost of roughly \$1.4 million (Rs. 6.7 million). This program forms an acceleration of an existing Public Health and Engineering Department Program and is designed to provide water to 1.5 million people. In addition 66 deep tubewells will be required to provide the minimum requirements of 2 gallons per day. These will cost approximately \$1.1 million (Rs. 4.8 million), making a total fresh water program of \$2.5 million. These will be equipped with diesel engines and large storage tanks located at the major community centers and they will form the principal source of emergency water in the future.

The coastal embankment project ultimately comprising a complex system of dikes and drainage sluices for food protection in the coastal area would cover a land area of more than three million acres which are subject to flooding from tidal action as well as direct runoff from rainfall. The purpose of these embankments was to prevent salt water inundation by normal high tides. They were not intended to protect areas against cyclones.

As of the beginning of November 1970, 1,915 miles of embankments out of a total programmed of 2,250 miles were completed, 630 drainage sluices out of 721, with 55 complete polders out of a total of 87 at a total cost of some \$200 million. A preliminary assessment of cyclone damage to the embankments indicate damage ranging upward to 70 and 80 per cent in the case of some sea dikes. The total cost

of reconstructing the damaged embankments would be nearly \$11 million requiring two construction seasons and the work of 40,000 laborers.

About 65% of East Pakistan's southern inland and marine fishing capacity was destroyed during the recent cyclonic storm. As a result, it is believed that the already low protein supply for the provincial population may be reduced by fully 35% during the coming year, unless immediate steps are taken to rehabilitate the industry.

A two-part program is proposed to restore production and improve institutional capacities of both the marine and inland fishing industries affected by the storm. The cost of the major elements are Rs. 27.6 million in foreign exchange and Rs. 70 million in local currency.

Consistent with the concept of the building of cooperatives, much of the effort must flow through the established channels which place the decision-making burden on the citizens and their local government. This very successful program which relies on the mobilization capability of the Pakistani people has been responsible for the very rapid increase of the low-lift pumps over the past 3 years.

Unfortunately, the extent of the disaster was in part attributable to a failure of communications, by which the fairly accurate meteorological predictions were not fully transmitted to the population in the area. Moreover, the relief operations in the early aftermath were hampered by poor communications. Pakistan has already mapped plans for a small scheme of Rs. 2.15 million to allow the telephonic system to be extended to outlying regions, through the use of VHF maritime mobile based sets and supporting equipment.

Because of the intensive utilization of the land, timber is very scarce in East Pakistan; as a result, forest reserves are of particular value. Unfortunately the cyclone destroyed substantial areas of the existing timber reserves. Therefore a Forest and Plantation Rehabilitation Program is necessary. Damage from the cyclone is estimated at Rs. 3,287,000. In addition, a program for the afforestation of the coastal areas near the embankments most vulnerable to cyclonic storms

would slow tidal surges. For this reason, the start of a coastal afforestation program is considered urgent.

The reconstruction program for medical facilities in the coastal areas is based on what has already been sanctioned for the Fourth Plan period, that is, one Rural Health Center and three substations for each 50,000 of population or 25 additional RHC's for the whole area. It is also intended to complement these with a fully equipped district hospital of 250 beds at Patuakhali which are urgently needed. This program would be supplemented in the more remote cyclonic areas with 40 speedboats and 40 boat dispensaries to bring medical care to areas not now served. The lack of these has been particularly disastrous during the past weeks.

Damage to housing was extremely heavy, to the extent of 90% in large areas directly in the path of the storm. Replacement can only be carried before the disaster. Even a minimal program would absorb massive resources. An estimated 400,000 houses appear to have been destroyed. The material cost of replacement, at Rs. 1,000 per house, comes to Rs. 400 million. Beyond this each 200 families in the cyclonic area will share in the construction of a multi-purpose community centers able to withstand severe storms. Two thousand of these, at a cost roughly estimated at Rs. 20,000 per unit, would absorb another Rs. 40 million.

The weakness of surface communications has become a key bottleneck in the present effort to alleviate the plight of those survivors in the disaster area. A major reconstruction program is required not only for roads, which is part of the works program, but also of facilities for handling water transport. The need for such an effort in this sector cannot be overstated. A program for launches, jetties, terminal facilities, communications costing Rs. 38 million has been drawn up by the Bank.

The total reconstruction program is estimated to cost some Rs. 860 million. The largest single item in the program is Rs. 400 million for the rebuilding of housing. Other substantial items include the rehabilitation of coastal embankments, the fisheries industry, community shelters, rehabilitation of forests and public health program. □

CBI Personality

"CBI Personality," which will appear in Ex-CBI Roundup from time to time, is an attempt to relate a little personal information about some of those who served in the China-Burma-India area. Some of these items will be written by readers, others clipped from various publications . . . perhaps YOU know of someone you would like to tell about in this column. We invite your contributions.

(From the Hudson, N.Y., Register-Star; sent in by Metro Wyda)

For a man with as solid a business background as he can boast, Bob Belknap, of Hillsdale, has certainly packed a lot of adventure into his life. Much of his life has also been spent in places whose very names conjure up images of robust, bold and colorful undertakings—Nairobi, Ethiopia, Uganda, Tanzania, Madagascar, India, Burma, China and a dozen other similar Hemingway, Kipling and Somerset Maugham-flavored places.

Actually, much of Bob's adventuresome background was crammed into the space of WW II, but he had enough of it to fill several lifetimes. He acts surprised—and it's unfeigned surprise—when an interview comments on the exciting time he had to it. To him, it's something that was there and had to be done.

Brief mention at this point of just two incidents he was involved in—the famous jungle march out of Burma with General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, and six weeks incommunicado intelligence reconnoiter 500 miles into unexplored western China—will sufficiently attest that his was not a hum-drum military career.

Bob's early background was certainly prosaic enough and gave no hint that the future would see him living, working and fighting in the far corners of the earth. He was born and grew up in Yonkers, N.Y. His father was a professional engineer employed by the City of New York.

After attending Yonkers grade and high schools, he was awarded a N.Y. State Tuitions Scholarship to Cornell University, in 1930. During the summers of his high school and college

years he worked as a laborer for the Westchester County Park Commission.

His program of studies at Cornell included extra liberal arts electives. He ranked in the first quintal of his class and was president of the Theta XI social fraternity.

Immediately after graduation from Cornell, he secured employment, through his fraternity alumni advisers, as a factory hand with the Du Pont Film Manufacturing Corp., at their Parlin N.J., plant. This was at the height of the depression when jobs were not easy to come by.

During the next four years, he rose to foreman, shift supervisor, supervisor and was then transferred to the head office as the assistant to the sales manager, in advertising and market research work.

In 1938, he developed the urge to seek an overseas position and applied to the Standard Vacuum Oil Co., for a job. He was accepted and after a short training period, was sent to India, where he gained valuable experience in marketing petroleum products, particularly to the industrial, marine, aviation and military trades.

Bob remained in India for four years, until he was called into active service for WW II. While at Cornell, he had taken four years ROTC and was awarded a Field Artillery 2nd Lt's commission upon graduation. He then joined the National Guard and was transferred to Ordnance and when he entered active service in India in 1942, he was promoted to 1st Lt. Infantry.

Later, while serving in China, he was transferred to still another branch of the Army—Combat Engineers. This certainly must stand as some sort of record—a commissioned officer holding rank in four different branches of the service.

Because of his experience, he was immediately assigned to the staff of Gen. Stilwell, then in charge of the Chinese Nationalist troops. Bob was one of the 21 American military personnel that made that famous six weeks march out of Burma, with "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell. With the Japs hounding them from all sides, this valiant group doggedly hacked its way through heavy jungle, over mountains and through rivers and streams on its way to safety.

Among other widely-known personalities that made that march, were Dr.

Gordon Seagrave, famous for his book "Burma Surgeon" and Col. George Merrill, later to gain fame as the leader of "Merrill's Marauders." On the second day out, Merrill collapsed and had to be carried until he regained sufficient strength to make it on his own.

That grueling march took its toll of everyone making it. Bob, himself, lost 70 pounds and was down to a shadow. They had very little food to carry with them and were forced to live off the land as they made their way to safety. They lived mostly on rice, tea and salt tablets and were all ripe candidates for scurvy by the time the march ended.

"If it hadn't been for those wonderful, courageous, tiny Burmese nurses that accompanied Dr. Seagrave, I doubt whether many of us would have made it," Bob states with firm conviction. They took care of the sick and wounded—even helped carry them—and tremendously bolstered our morale."

It was on this march that Bob learned of something he had never heard or dreamed of. One night, while he was plodding along next to Gen. Stilwell, the subject of where each was raised came up. When Gen. Stilwell learned of Bob's Westchester County background, he mentioned that he had once kept serious company with a Westchester girl. Upon mention of her name, Bob was amazed to find it was his own mother!

Of course, the strictest security was kept on the march and any noise or gun shots were forbidden. This restriction was violated only once, when it was absolutely necessary. That time occurred when a maddened rogue elephant blocked their path, and with much squealing and raging, prepared to charge the weakened group. It was brought down with a minimum of shots, but the group were forced to practically double their pace to get out of the danger zone.

While "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell was not the most popular person in many quarters, including some of his own troops, Bob found him a man worthy of respect and even admiration. During his tenure on Stilwell's staff, Bob had occasion to come into close contact with several other world famous men—

Ord Wingate and Lord Louis Mountbatten among them.

For the evacuation and demolition work that he had charge of during the retreat from Burma, Bob was awarded the Bronze Star. In 1945, he received the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Bronze Star, for subsequent demolition work in China.

After leaving Gen. Stilwell, Bob was promoted to major and sent to the China Theater, as Petroleum Officer and Chairman of the American Military Petroleum Committee, which had charge of estimating requirements and allocation of all available petroleum products for both civil and military use in China. Sixty-five per cent of all petroleum tonnage allocated to China had to be flown over the hump, from India to China.

It was while serving in China, that Bob was placed in command of a small detail that was sent 500 miles into an unexplored area of western China, to seek new routes from Kunming to Chungking, the capital of Nationalist China, where the arsenals were located.

The main reason this area was unexplored was because it was the territory of an aborigine head-hunting tribe known as the Lolos. These people, darker, sturdier and of more mongoloid appearance than the Chinese, lived in trees and were terribly feared by their Chinese neighbors.

Bob's command consisted of a detail of Chinese soldier bodyguards, a group of porters to carry equipment, and four Chinese engineers, only one of whom could understand English. They met up with the Lolos, but were not harried in any way by them, undoubtedly because of the presence of the Chinese soldiers. Unfortunately, no suitable route could be found on this six weeks reconnoiter and the plans had to be abandoned.

While back in the States on leave, in 1945, Bob met a distant relative, Lisa Green, who was in the WAVES at that time. They were married in Hillsdale that same year and set up housekeeping there until 1946, when Bob was sent to Colombo, Ceylon, as Sales Manager, by Standard Vacuum.

The next 2 years found him gradually moving up the Stan-Vac Ladder, seeing service in London, Indonesia,

East Africa, Kenya, Uganda, Madagascar, Ethiopia and Ghana, among other stops. When he retired in 1969, he held the post of managing director and chairman of the Esso Standard Kenya Ltd.

It was during his years of overseas duty that he became interested in horse racing and bought himself a small stable of thoroughbreds. He was the only American to be elected to membership in the Kenya Jockey Club and served as executive steward.

He was the organizer and first president of the American Businessmen's Club in Nairobi, and is a past president of the American Club in Indonesia.

He was a fellow member of the Council East African Management Foundation and a director of the Kenya Institute of Management. He was also a founder member and past chairman of the International School of Djakarta, Indonesia, and a Board Member of Kenya's Kaptagat School.

After his retirement from the petroleum industry, in 1969, Bob had no desire to settle down to a sedentary life at his Hillsdale home. When the Columbia-Greene Community College was established, he joined the staff as director of Continuing Education and now serves as associate professor of Business and Economics. □

It Happened in CBI

Readers are invited to contribute little stories about CBI incidents for publication in "It Happened in CBI," which will appear from time to time in Ex-CBI Roundup. Almost everyone knows of at least one item of interest . . . this could be a most interesting regular feature. Send your stories to Roundup.

By J. A. TESLIK

Elk Grove Village, Ill.

I am a former CBIer and heard of this publication thru friends of mine that were also in the CBI. The story below may be of interest to you and points out how small this world is.

In the Assam valley, the 51st Fighter Control Squadron was assigned the task of providing air warning and various forms of communication such as point to point and ground to air while elements of the Signal Corps provided telecommunications and long lines service. Assigned to the Signal Corps were two men that I heard of but never had the pleasure of meeting. One was C. Upson, who is now with the Natural Gas Co. here in Chicago and the other is J. Fitzgibbons with Automatic Electric. I met "Fitz" first when I worked with Automatic as a staff engineer supporting their sales force.

I was with the Air Corps at that time as a T/Sgt. in charge of installation and maintenance and received some new VHF radio equipment that had to be installed in a new build-

ing in Kanjikoah. I needed "terminal blocks" and knew that the "long lines" of the Signal Corps had a run leaving Kanjikoah for points unknown. This installation had many "breakout" points along the route where they had located "terminal blocks". I needed several sooo . . . I did what came naturally over there. That's right, I "BORROWED" them. We, of course, spliced the wires together so that the Signal Corps would maintain circuit continuity and we had what we needed.

It wasn't until I visited the Natural Gas Co. on business and met Mr. C. Upson that he found out that I was the one who "BORROWED" his terminal blocks. He had walked thru the VHF installation many times and noticed these blocks but never knew that they were his. He had always thought that these blocks were taken by the natives. Today we laugh, but had he found this out over there, I may not have been able to "SIT" in his office.

Anyway, please add my name to the mailing list and for some current information, I am now a Lt. Col. USAFR, and have an M Day position at HQ USAF PENTAGON. □

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From The Statesman

SHILLONG—The foundation stone of the residential building scheme of the Air Force's married officers at the command headquarters was laid by Air-Marshal H. N. Chatterjee, chief of the Eastern Air Command. Forty quarters will be built in the first phase to be completed next year. The two other phases would be completed by 1972. The project is expected to cost Rs 76,69,000.

CALCUTTA—The wife of a businessman, who had to go to Jalpaiguri, accompanied her husband to Dum Dum Airport. On her way back, it now being dark, the driver was careful; what with the local boys chatting at street corners, children rushing out right onto passing traffic and the necessity of negotiating potholes as big as moon craters. When the good lady arrived home—she lives in Tollygunge—three and a half hours had already gone by since she left the airport. What gave her a mild shock was the fact that, lying on the table, was a telegram from her husband. It said "arrived safely".

BHOPAL—The Madhya Pradesh Government has banned the Hindi translation of a Bengali novel, "Saraswatiya", written by Bimal Mitra and published by a Hindi weekly of Delhi. The announcement of the ban on the sale, distribution and circulation of the particular issue of the weekly was based on the grounds that the novel was prejudicial to the maintenance of public order and offended the public's sense of decency and morality. It was also alleged that the novel had presented a distorted picture of the Chatisgarh region and cast serious aspersions on the married life of the people of the area. The author has already expressed regret and assured the State Government that the objected passages would be deleted in the subsequent editions of the book.

NEW DELHI—To insure a more effective and timely cyclone warning system, a network of radar was to be

set up, along the east and west coasts, according to the minister for Tourism and Civil Aviation. These were to serve as a chain of warning stations, the first of which started functioning recently at Visakhapatnam. The minister said that in the coming decade more extensive use would have to be made of science and technology in the meteorological field to keep up with modern trends.

CALCUTTA—To suggest a Common Market between Pakistan and India is very much like asking for the moon—seemingly unattainable and yet not outside the reach of man. Had the Kashmir problem not existed the two countries would in all probability have developed close economic ties—perhaps something akin to a Common Market. Almost a quarter century has passed since partition and yet neither a political nor a military solution has been found to the Kashmir problem. The question arises, "Why not seriously try an economic solution?" After Tashkent much has happened in Pakistan. The Ayub regime has been replaced by the new military rule of President Yahya Khan, who has been able to restore peace and stability. A certain degree of political freedom has just been restored. The new wind of change may well be in the direction of friendly relations between Pakistan and India. There are some indications of a better climate.

NEW DELHI—Residents of New Delhi's Greater Kailash (M Block) awoke to find scores of beautiful plants missing from the market park. It was revealed that they had been transplanted to a lawn near the temple in N Block. The civic authorities were responsible for the act. It seems a press party taken on a conducted tour of South Delhi was to visit the latter spot.

NEW DELHI—The 14 nationalized banks have been told to use the respective regional languages in the different areas where they operate. The use of the regional languages is particularly preferred in the rural areas where people may not know English. With regard to cheque books, this will continue to be in English because a cheque, being a negotiable document, will have to be in a language commonly known all over India.

Life With the Maharaja

By NAYANA GORADIA
From The Statesman

At the back of a scruffy little side-street, off the main road with its huddle of cloth shops and tea-stalls is a little house, neat and unpretentious. The door was opened for me by a small boy who did a quick nervous "pranam" and rushed indoors calling for his mother. The room was small and dimly-lit by two narrow windows half-smothered by a makeshift curtain hanging from a string. There were books everywhere—it was a professor's home.

The lady of the house soon came in wiping her hands on her saree. There was "sindur" on her forehead. Except for the colour of her hair and eyes she could well have been a Bengali housewife.

Patricia came to India from Great Britain about three decades ago, soon after her marriage to Pradeep, who was then a student at a university there. He had sternly warned her of the consequences she must face: the grim poverty; opposition from his orthodox family; a sense of alienation; children who might well be brown; the dust; the heat.

But Patricia had cast all discretion to the winds. She had come. In the beginning there had been times when she was overwhelmed by the sheer mass of people spilling out of tiny hovels onto the streets, quarreling, cooking, washing for all the world to see. But Patricia had doggedly striven to understand, to belong; bewildered and yet patient with the alien ways of a stubbornly conservative society. With her first son's arrival a thaw set in. Pradeep's parents, convinced now that she had no intention of dragging away their son, accepted her. Since then there has been no looking back for Patricia.

Not everyone has Patricia's patience. Lisa quickly tired of her lot. The Indian student she had met in Scandinavia had seemed like a prince, the handsomest and most sophisticated young man—the son of a zamindar—that she, in her three years behind

the sales counter of a textile store, had ever come across. The other shop girls teased her about her Maharaja and it had thrilled her no end.

Twenty-year-old Lisa had come to India trailing clouds of romance full of palaces and caparisoned elephants and Sabu-like characters fussing over the white memsahib. Even her visions of squalor were invested with romance—it was all a part and parcel of the exotic orient she had seen in Hollywood films.

Alas! upon arrival Lisa found that sons of zamindars were fairly thick on the ground. Hers had to spend most of his time trailing from one office to another in search of a job. She soon began to loathe their tiny apartment perched high above a dirty, claustrophobic courtyard. She hated the hot curries her husband loved to eat and could not understand how he could be so attached to his big and boisterous family. The hot winds frightened her; they were beginning to do terrible things to her skin and hair. Would they bring about a Dorian Grey-like transformation in her as well?

That was all Lisa could take. One day her husband came home to discover the proverbial note on the bathroom mirror. "Much as I love you, I can take no more. I am going home . . ."

For some the upheaval is not so violent, the contrast not as obtrusive as travelogues make it out to be. There is not always a stepping back in time from the modern to the ancient, from Cadillacs to bullock carts in a street alive with sorcerers and snake charmers, from spacious houses to a poky little back room in a narrow tenement. In elegant homes of the city, their sculptured gardens sweeping down to tree-lined boulevards, dwell wealthy emancipated families. They are educated and widely-travelled. The young men go abroad to study following a family tradition that perhaps dates back to grandfather's days at Oxford. Should one of these young men bring back a foreign wife, it is not always treated as a catastrophe. Sometimes the younger generation in

the household even welcome her as a status symbol, an example of a cosmopolitan set-up.

Marcia is one of the favoured ones, gliding from one happy little family in Boston to another in Calcutta. Hers is perhaps an exceptional story; her marriage negotiations were conducted in the traditional Indian manner with the parents-in-law taking over the initiative, Marcia explained with a twinkle in her eye. Her husband, concerned over the possible discord in his family, hesitated before proposing to her. When his father discovered the reason for his son's indecision, he promptly set out the proposal himself!

The welcome that her in-laws gave her helped Marcia in no small way to identify herself readily with the community around her. In turn, she has also done her own little bit, sharing house with her husband's family; living in separate flats but under the same roof. For the girl who came away leaving all that was dear and familiar to her, a welcoming family in the land of her adoption was like an anchor. This, more than anything else, gave her that essential sense of security.

Most wives contend that they on their part try hard to adjust. With varying degrees of enthusiasm they drape themselves in sarees, learn to cook curries, read books on Indian art and culture and apply themselves ardently to learning their husband's language. And yet they are not always accepted in the family. The son, however, prodigal, is forgiven but not so with the wife. This is what rankles with Jane who is otherwise happily married.

Her children are Hindu and have Indian names. She serves Indian food in the house and often wears a saree. And yet she is always running up against little barriers which prevent her from becoming an integrated part of the society. In the beginning she had enrolled her children in a Bengali school. Unfortunately the other children taunted them as "children of the memsahib"! She got little cooperation from the headmistress who, instead of encouraging adjustment, only suggested that they would be better off in an English-medium school. Her in-laws too she feels resent her and never seem completely at ease or relaxed with her, even after 12 years of acquaintance.

Within this kaleidoscope, with combinations and permutations, international marriages exist. Though most of them involve European or American partners there is a fair number of Asian wives as well. Besides, there are some unusual variations on the general theme. There is the case of the Indo-Russian marriage in which the husband and the wife got to know each other as pen-friends!

Great expectations about India are now rarely harboured by wives coming out here for the first time, thanks to the tireless efforts of our angry young men abroad to debunk their country. In some parts of the world the ideas in Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" linger on. It is not surprising therefore that Louise was amazed to find "the place quite civilized after all"! She found a great deal that was rather quaint, especially our fascination for Britannia. The sun may have set on the Empire but in India "people at parties will not speak to one another unless properly introduced."!

Most wives are reconciled to the dirt and the poverty—"we knew it would be like a page from Dickens". But few are prepared for the sight of the overwhelming masses of humanity. "In the day they are milling around like bedlam let loose, at night they are stretched out asleep over the pavements like bundles of rags". This sight to Louise is the most depressing.

Times are now rapidly changing from those days three decades ago when Patricia first came out to India to be confronted with a dazed resentment. Conventions are breaking down and every day society acquires a greater resilience and dynamism. Reluctantly in the beginning, but with patient resignation now, mixed marriages are coming to be accepted.

Not everyone is quite reconciled to this view. Orthodox parents continue to view their foreign daughter-in-law with disquiet. There is the haunting fear: might she not one day take their son away from his country? This fear is sometimes justified by the exodus of mixed couples.

Many couples stay. There is a small number who are not able to conform, or belong. Afraid of the challenge, they retreat into hot-houses—forever Germany, forever England. □

'Something Stuck'

Tom Claes served for two years as a Peace Corps Volunteer in West Bengal. After returning to the States he enlisted and served three years as an officer with the U.S. Army Transportation Command. His tour of duty included a year on the docks of Cam Rahn Bay, Vietnam.

Now 27 years old, Claes has returned to civilian life, working in the Import-Export Division of the Hyster Company in Peoria, Ill. His former Peace Corps colleague, Jim Kiser, is now a second lieutenant in the Army.

By **THOMAS H. CLAES**
From Volunteer Magazine

I was a Volunteer in India from September, 1964 until June 1966. My colleague, Jim Kiser of Ponca City, Oklahoma, and I were members of India VII. We were stationed in the town of Hooghly, 25 miles from Calcutta, in the state of West Bengal. Poultry development was our job for 21 months, a pilot program.

Often I had the hope of returning some day to see how lasting our work had been and to visit once again with our Indian friends in West Bengal. A tour in Vietnam as an Army Transportation Officer gave me that chance. I obtained a release from active duty while there, and returned to my old "stomping grounds". My experiences may be of some importance to the Peace Corps.

I left Saigon on August 28, 1969 arriving at Hooghly, India, a day later.

I borrowed my old bicycle from its present owner and pedaled out to the Chinsurah Agricultural Farm—A Gram Sevak (village level worker) training center. Five years ago, I had persuaded the principal of the center to build a Peace Corps style poultry house as a model for the students. The house was built in good order, but I could not persuade farm officials to stock it with high quality birds. We thought the use of "Arbor Acre" hybrid chicks would provide the best results. But the local authorities believed in using birds from another source that were of an inferior quality, due to successive inbreeding of local stock. The use

of these birds proved to be a major frustration for many of our group. Now, three years later, I found the poultry house still standing, and "Arbor Acre" birds inside.

One of my biggest surprises came when I visited Mr. Kasinath Nandy, whom we had known almost from the beginning. We had tried to persuade him to work with us many times, but he had not been receptive to our ideas. In the last two months of our tour, my co-worker, Jim, went back to him. Jim reasoned that because Kasinath had many friends and some influence, he could become important to our program. Jim tried to persuade Kasinath and some of his friends to form a cooperative, but with no evident success. We left, and Jim thought that he had accomplished nothing.

A few days after returning to Hooghly, I walked up to Kasinath's house.

"So you have come back . . . I am so happy to see you!" he boomed out elatedly.

Over a hurriedly cooked omelette and a cup of tea, he asked about Jim and me, and then went on to tell about the poultry association that had been formed since we had left.

"We have 54 members and over 3,000 birds—mostly 'Arbor Acres'!" he said.

A few days later Kasinath and I bicycled out to a couple of remote villages to visit poultry farmers who were members of the association. Both farmers had fine poultry flocks—rather large ones at that. The management of each farm was very good, and the poultry houses were built well.

Other of our projects had not been successful, however.

One of our best poultrymen had been Mr. B. N. Roy, who worked at the Dunlop Tire Factory, which was located a mile or so from our post. I met Mr. Roy after work one evening. "Hello, sir, how are you doing—I am so glad to see you!" were his words as we shook hands vigorously. We boarded a small boat at the ghat (dock) a short distance away, for a trip across the Hooghly river to Halisahar, where Mr. Roy resides. Since it

was the monsoon season, the river was high and we did not have to leave the boat, and walk across a muddy sandbar to another as was necessary during the dry season. Instead, we were able to sail straight across.

"I am not in the poultry business at this time," Mr. Roy said. "Since my wife is staying in Calcutta with my son, who is studying there, no one is here to care for the birds."

At his house, Mr. Roy showed me the empty poultry house.

"The flock that I had when you left here was fairly successful," he said. "Leokosis presented a problem for a short time. During the food crisis in 1967, I just couldn't produce enough eggs. The demand for eggs far exceeded the supply."

"I started a second, smaller flock elsewhere," he continued, "but that met disaster when a fox broke into the coop."

"Even though you do not see anything here now," said Roy, "the interest in starting poultry is definitely here. The time that you spent here was not wasted."

I visited Mr. Roy several times afterward and enjoyed the delicious vegetarian dinners of rice and chicken curry he insisted upon serving. Our discussions ranged on a variety of topics—from Vietnam to life in America.

"Of course, we are very curious about the U.S.A.—no Americans ever come around here!"

I thanked him for all the generous hospitality that he and his family had shown me. "That is all right," he said. "You have done quite enough."

There was another farmer across the river not far away—his name was Khagen Das. Das was also the owner of a small cloth factory in the town of Naihati. Arriving at his home, I saw that there was no longer a poultry house in his back yard. "I am much too busy to be in the poultry business now," he said. "But the flocks that I did raise were highly successful. Perhaps I will start a small flock, on the roof of my house."

Chinsurah, several miles from Hooghly, was the site of another, now-non-existent, poultry farm—that of B. K. Neogy. "Mr. Neogy is no longer here," said his close friend, Mr. Mukherjee, the owner of a small garage on a

main thoroughfare, which served more as a place of gossip and tea-drinking than as a place of business. As he bent over the hood of a very old car, he told me what had happened.

"Mr. Neogy was doing very well in poultry. One day one of his chickens laid a double-yolked egg and there was quite a commotion—all the government fellows came by to get a look. Then, one night jackals ripped through one of the windows and destroyed the flock. Neogy sold the rest of his birds, and forgot about poultry."

While it was disappointing to hear the end result, it was interesting to learn that the program, and its operation and methods continued successfully after we left. I enjoyed Mr. Mukherjee and his buddies. We sat there in the garage for an hour talking about local politics, the U.S.A. and the Army. Mukherjee ordered a pot of tea and a dozen or so biscuits. "You must come one day for a meal," Mukherjee said.

I was gratified to see poultry farms—very large ones at that—situated in towns quite a distance away from my old post. How the owners were introduced to the idea, I do not know, but those farms were not there in September of 1964 when India VII arrived in West Bengal.

Something, some ideas, had, after all, "stuck". Politically, big changes had taken place—a coalition leftist regime was now firmly in control of the State Government. The Peace Corps was being asked to leave—the Volunteers, so said a local Calcutta newspaper, were suspected of being CIA agents. The hammer and sickle adorned many a wall and building. But the friendliness and hospitality of the people we had known there had not changed. □

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Matriarchy Eroded by Time

BY SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG
New York Times Service

POONJAR, India—The bent old woman with the kindly, seamed face shuffled slowly into the room to greet her grandson and the Western stranger he had brought.

"Don't touch me," she said without harshness to her beloved grandson as he tried to help her ease her stiff frame into a chair. "You have had a long journey and you have touched others and must take a bath first."

The ancient rules of caste and social behavior are still important to this 89-year-old woman, for she is the proud head of what, until modern winds and new laws from New Delhi eroded the system not too many years ago, used to be a matriarchal family of more than 300 members here in Kerala state at the tip of southern India.

Men were not without power, but the eldest woman was legally in charge of a family's wealth, passed it on to women and ruled on marriages and other important rites. And all the women in the family enjoyed a degree of independence unknown in the rest of India.

The matriarch, who is addressed as Ammumma, which means grandmother, is still the formal head of her prolific family, but it no longer lives in one sprawling compound. Seventeen years ago the individual families broke off and moved away, the family wealth having been divided among them because of squabbles over money and other issues.

"In the old times," she told her visitor, speaking in her native Malayalam, "all 300 members of my family obeyed all the orders of the oldest lady. They all respect me now, but they live separated from me and need not obey my orders."

Some still do, however. Two years ago she refused to bless a marriage between a woman of her family and a lower-caste man, and it never took place.

On the other hand, a grand-nephew forgot to bring his bride to the Am-

mumma to get her blessing recently and she was deeply hurt.

Though a few matriarchs are said to have reveled in their power and ruled autocratically, it would appear that the strength of the system was that most matriarchs used massive doses of tender, loving care rather than intimidation.

The Ammumma—her name is Kunjikmkavu Kunjamma, is from a family that has the second largest matriarchal dynasty in Kerala. The only larger family was a matriarchy of 600 members linked to the royal family of Cochin.

Through the centuries the matriarchal families have been described unflatteringly by foreign travelers and Indians from the north as promiscuous and adulterous. But scholars who have studied the society say it has produced a high level of marital constancy and a healthy culture.

The marriage laws, once fairly flexible—divorce was easy and informal—have become more rigid, especially since the 1950's. Husband and wife live in the same house and he must support her and their children. Inheritances go to both sides of the family.

After the family broke up, the Ammumma stayed on for several years, living at the family compound in Alwaya, 15 miles north of Cochin, with the few who stayed. Then she started traveling, visiting the parts of the family scattered across Kerala, each of which competed for her presence. Finally the nomadic existence became too much for her and in 1965 she moved to Poonjar, 65 miles southeast of Cochin, to live with her youngest daughter and her husband.

"I can adjust to modern times," she said, but a visitor could tell by her face that she did not mean it; that the erosion of the old ways troubled her greatly. When her two youngest daughters entered the room and sat down, she frowned ever so slightly. Her grandson said later that the Ammumma feels that women should always stand in the presence of men.

The almost solemn deference to men in a matriarchy comes as a surprise.

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The Ammumma explained: "Always a woman should be a little lower than a man, in respect, in behavior, although not in rights."

The worst day of the year now is her birthday, in October, when the family come to pay their respects.

"They only stay the day," her grandson said, "and that night, after they leave, she sits thinking and she gets badly depressed. We have to console her."

The road from Poonjar to Cochin passes the compound of the head of the largest matriarchial family, a woman who has a reputation for autocratic rule. Some still fear her, though it is said she has mellowed somewhat.

Her name is Thankakutty Thampuran, which means Princess Golden Child, and she is 72. Her role, like the Ammumma's, is largely symbolic, the family having divided and spread out about 20 years ago.

"I am an old person, so I say the old system was the best," she remarked.

Old she may be—she is thin and shrunken—but she is agile and she clings even harder than the Amumma to the past. She remained standing until her visitor was seated. When he handed her his card she grimaced because, under caste rules, it had contaminated her. When she saw her guest's embarrassment, she said: "Never mind, it's nothing, I have to take my bath this evening anyway."

Asked what she thought about the women's liberation movement in the United States, she was contemptuous:

"What good do they get out of taking off their brassieres? What profit will it get them? They should respect men and be more affectionate. This is the only way to control men, not by threats."



From The Statesman

PATNA—The engine of the 7 Up Toofan Express crashed into a stationary engine of another train near a dead-end siding at Patna Junction station. About 20 people were injured. A comic sidelight in what could have been a major tragedy was the discovery of seven bags of illicit ganja securely tied to the under-carriage of one of the bogies of the Toofan Express.

DURGAPUR—Speaking at a meeting under the auspices of the Durgapur branch of the Indian Medical Association, the deputy superintendent of the National Cancer Research Hospital said the statistics revealed that 85 people died of cancer out of 100,000 every year in India. He said that occurrence of cancer in the oral cavity was much higher—more than 50%—in India in comparison with Western countries where breast cancer topped the list. The high incidence of oral cancer,

according to the statistics, is due to the chewing of pan (betel) and Khaini (tobacco leaf).

CALCUTTA—Calcutta is to have an underground railway with construction starting in 1971. The first phase of the underground railway, to be completed by March 1975, will cover the distance between Kalighat and the Be-pin Behari Ganguly Street-Chittaranjan Avenue crossing and the stretch between Sealdah and Dalhousie Square. Phase II of the railway will cover the distance between Chitarranjan Avenue and Dum Dum and that between Dalhousie Square and Howrah. Phase II will connect Dum Dum and Princep Ghat.

BHOPAL—A bright diamond, weighing about 30 carats, was unearthed in shallow areas in the Panna diamond belt, according to an official report.

MADURAI—Eight people, six of them children, died and 13 others were sent to hospitals at Batlagundu and Dindigul due to suspected poisoning. According to one report the victims drank water from a well in Poosari-patti in Nilakotta taluk. Another version said they consumed "idlis" bought from a tea shop in the village.



PADDLE TROUGH lift takes water from ditch near Kai-Yuan, China, in Yunnan Province, and lifts it into another ditch leading to rice paddies. Photo by Dwight M. Burkam.

Hypnotist Dies

● Joe Tershay, internationally known magician and hypnotist of San Francisco, died in December of injuries suffered in an automobile accident near Marion, Ind. He was 59 years old. Known as "The Amazing Tushay," he was featured with such stars as Bing Crosby, Frederic March, Ann Sheridan, Bob Hope, Kay Francis, Jack Benny, Larry Adler, Joe E. Brown and Eddie Cantor. During World War II he spent many months entertaining troops overseas, principally in the China-Burma-India theater. He flew the Hump between India and China a number of times, sharing plane space with ammunition and gasoline, to entertain troops at outlying and seldom-visited outposts.

(From a San Francisco Examiner clipping sent in by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif.)

1880th Engineers

● Celebrating the 25th anniversary of their return from CBI, the 1880th Engineer Aviation Battalion Veterans Association held its first reunion October 23 and 24, 1970, at the Holiday Inn in Columbus, Ohio. Fifty-two members of the association were present, with the total attendance over 100. Among the speakers were Col. Claude P. Joyce of California, wartime commander of the 1880th, and Howard Clager of Ohio, national commander of the CBI Veterans Association. Chairman of the reunion committee was William R. Hufsey of Brook Park, Ohio. The 1880th Engineer Aviation Battalion performed road work and general construction from Digboi to Loglai, moved on to do a stint on the Ledo Road, then rebuild a section of the old fair-weather road between Myitkyina and Bhamo, and finally over the Burma Road to perform essential maintenance, often of an emergency nature, on a 400-mile network of roads, in support of combat operations between Kunming and Kweiyang. The 1880th EAB Veterans Association was organized belatedly in 1960 and is out of touch

with many veterans of the outfit. Veterans interested in membership may write to the secretary-treasurer, Col. A. E. Perkins, USAF (Ret.), Gambrills, Maryland 21054.

COL. A. E. PERKINS, Gambrills, Md.

Not the Same

● Things would not be the same without the wonderful magazine; I would know something important was missing.

FRANK SCANNELL, Watertown, Mass.

Reader 23 Years

● Have been a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup since 1947 (24 years), and still enjoy reading it as much as ever.

CLIFFORD J. EMLING, Cleveland, Ohio



MEN of the 377th Air Service Squadron, 51st Air Service Group, gather for a period of relaxation at Mohanbari Airfield, Dibrugarh, India. Photo by Carl A. Moosberg.

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CHINESE children surround Major Art Nebel on the streets of Kweilin. Photo by Col. W. J. Peterkin.

Names as Adviser

● Brig. Gen. Russell E. Randall, USAF Retired, a much decorated veteran of the China theater, has been appointed as United States adviser to China Airlines. The appointment was announced by Gen. Hsu Huan Sheng, board chairman of the line which operates Pacific routes between Taipei, Tokyo and San Francisco and plans to expand its service to Taipei-Tokyo-Honolulu-Los Angeles. General Randall's association with Nationalist China dates back to 1944-46 when he served under Gen. Claire Chennault in the 14th Air Force. His own group, known as Randall's Raiders, conducted successful forays against Japanese forces on the Chinese mainland. He later commanded Lackland Air Force Base in Texas and held other top posts before his retirement in 1949.

(From a San Francisco Chronicle clipping submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif.)

Served With ATC

● Have been a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup since 1949. Served with the ATC at various fields in India and China. Arrived at Chabua April 1943; left for

home from Kunming August 1945. Have missed the last two reunions but plan to be in Dallas next year. Would like to contact James Grant from Oklahoma, who served with me. Surely enjoy your magazine and everything stops when it arrives until it's read from cover to cover. Have been a Gamble dealer for over 20 years. Boy, how the time flies, when we see all those young faces in the pictures from the war years.

FRANK A. HEFNER,
19 E. Main,
Fremont, Mich.

Harry P. Hudnut

● Harry P. Hudnut, 67, of Urbana, Ill., died December 27, 1970, at Hialeah, Fla. He was employed by the Illinois Central Railroad from 1928 until his retirement in 1965, and since that time had been an animal caretaker at the University of Illinois. During World War II he was a sergeant with the 748th Railway Operating Battalion, Company C, in India and Burma. Survivors include his wife, two sons, two daughters and 11 grandchildren.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Robert L. Gordon, Urbana, Ill.)

Was with ATC

● Served with ATC at Misamari and Kunming. Keep up the good work with Ex-CBI Roundup—which, on your part, means **good reading**, on our part!

RICHARD W. MORRISON,
S. Plainfield, N.J.

12th Service Group

● Was with the 1066th Q.M., then Hq. (Finance) of the 12th Air Service Group before going to Hq. 14th Air Force. Was with the 12th at Kweilin, Luliang, etc.

BILL SKLAR,
Philadelphia, Pa.



JUNGLE scene in Burma, of the type the 330th Engineers were working in on the Ledo Road in 1944. Photo by C. C. Carter.



Commander's Message

by
Howard Clager
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

The holidays during the closing months of 1970 and the opening months of 1971 brought dozens and dozens of greetings to the Clager Chateau from nearly every state and from some foreign lands. Thank you, all of you, for your good comments, words of encouragement, and warm wishes.

Tell me, sahibs/memsahibs, did YOU make that most important New Years resolution as you rang out the Old and rang in the New Year? Of course!—I mean that resolution to bring in a new member, at least one, for CBIVA. Along that line, why not organize the fellows or gals of your old outfit? Contact them and encourage them to get together after all these years in August at the Baker Hotel in Dallas.

Speaking of the 1971 National Reunion, we will no doubt soon be hearing from the Dallas gang what their probable schedule includes for the 4, 5, 6, and 7th of August. They are planning wonderfully well. Expect some surprises. Secret at present. Truly stimulating and exciting. The registration fee as projected has again been kept at a nominal level as preceeding bashas have done at their reunions. Adults \$29.50. Teens \$27.00. Children \$18.00. Hotel rates are within reason as well. I believe our group will like the Baker and find its facilities convenient and satisfying.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

Only a few months more and we will again hear those wild tales that no one but a CBier can tell and honestly they are getting better every year. True, we were all in our own select group, we all thought we had it the toughest, we all were sure we 'won' the war, all groups held their own identity. It takes a National Reunion to find out that we were all in the same kettle of fish (and rice). CBI comrades, really you can't understand and love the China-Burma-India Veterans Association as readily as those who have attended the Association's clean-friendly-fun reunion. I hope to have the honor and privilege of greeting you and yours at the Texas reunion this year.

In recent months many bashas have held their election of new officers. Congratulations to all of you. In several I have been privileged to perform the installation of the new staff taking over for the months to come. May every success be yours and may your efforts be rewarding, both personally and for your basha. If this be true, then surely the Association as a whole will benefit. Any organization is only as good as the interest expressed and evidenced by its members. The question should not be, "what do I get out of it"? Or, "what do I get for my money"? The organization is you; what you want it to be and what you help make it. Make it a real bang-up year via your activities. Get in the competition. Be a winner in the National Contest for Basha Programs.

Tentatively scheduled on the Commander's itinerary for the early months of 1971 are Eastern trips, these being Buffalo, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa. A visit to these bashas by National Commander is due, by all means.

The Spring Meeting of the National Executive Board will be held in Dallas, Texas, on May 1st. I expect to see a large majority of the National Officers present and invite any and all other Association members to attend. As the saying goes, "members expected, guests welcome". All CBI veterans of that part of the good ole US-of-A are likewise invited. Come—join up—join us—for a gra-a-and weekend of activities.

Howard P. Clager
National Commander
7599 Downing Street
Dayton, Ohio 45414

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NATIVE BRIDGE along the Ledo Road in Burma. Photo by C. C. Carter.

Robert J. Ravina, Sr.

● Robert J. Ravina Sr., 48, of Freeland, Pa., was shot and killed while hunting December 14, 1970, near Hazelton, Pa. His body was discovered by his son and another man who went looking for him when he failed to return home. The bullet had entered his back, and he was lying face down when found. He was a plasterer by trade, and during World War II served as a military policeman with the U.S. Army in the CBI theater. Survivors include his wife and a son.

(From newspaper clipping sent in by several readers.)

124th Cavalry

● Our January 3rd blizzard brought all activity to a halt here in Des Moines, Iowa, and across the entire state making it a good time to sort out long put away accumulations of memorabilia. I'm enclosing a copy of the November 8, 1945, Roundup which indicates that on that date I was at the Kalaikunda staging area at Kharagpur awaiting transport back to the

States after being in CBI with the 124th Cavalry Special through Burma and on into interior of China (Kweiyang). Perhaps this long lost accumulation of correspondence will make it possible to furnish periodic contributions to your fine publication.

C. TODD BRENNEMAN,
Des Moines, Iowa

Office Python

● Still remember the time when Captain Zellner, chaplain of the 7th Heavy Bomber Group in India, came breathless to me and asked me to come to his office where he had killed a 16-foot python. He said it was partially coiled in his wastebasket. I might add that Chaplain Zellner was one of the finest officers I met during my entire military career. I heard regularly from him until shortly before his untimely death some years ago.

E. E. SCHROEDER,
Major USAR (Ret.),
Milton, Wis.

234th General

● Was with 234th General Hospital at Chabua. Often wonder how many of that outfit are Roundup subscribers. Never see any letters from any of them.

MERLE WILLIAMS,
Rensselaer, Ind.

Mars Task Force

● Was with Troop G, Mars Task Force, Chinese Combat Command and 116th MP's, Shanghai.

H. F. CLAUSEN,
Minneapolis, Minn.



FARMER near Luliang, China, uses foot-power equipment for irrigating rice paddies. Photo by Milt Klein.

A 1970 Book About CBI

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BY EDWIN LEE WHITE

Colonel, USAF (Ret.)

(Published by Vantage Press, Inc.)

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